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it will not burn. Whether it runs deep or shallow, seen or unseen, taking different directions—flowing this way and that, without order or design—it can never be utterly dispersed. Its cutting power is such that it will work its way through stone and metal; its strength so great that the whole world is succored by it. It floats lazily through the regions of formlessness, scaring and fluttering above the realms of obscurity; it worms its way backwards and forwards among valleys and watercourses, it seethes and overflows its bank in vast and desert wilds. Whether there be a superfluity of it, or a scarcity, the world is supplied according to its requirements for receiving and for imparting moisture to created things, without respect to precedence in time. Wherefore there is nothing either generous or mean about it, for it flows and rushes with echoing reverberations throughout the vast expanse of Earth and Heaven."

If you close your eyes after reading this passage, you will see in a vision the flight of the Chinese Dragon, soaring and fluttering above the realms of obscurity. He is greater than Leviathan, "that crooked serpent" the storm dragon; greater than Tannin, dragon of the streaming rain;

greater than Rahab, devourer of the westering sun, or Babylonian Tiamat, also the dragon deep. For these are the rude imaginings of early religionists and no more resemble him than primitive scratchings on rock or bone resemble the vast brood of Sekko who, "in olden time fancied dragons, painted them and spent days and nights in loving them." The former stand for chaos and rebellion, but the Chinese Lung is the ascending one rising to power through adaptability to change, recoiling upon himself only to produce new forms. "The dragon," says Kuan Tzu, "becomes at will reduced to the size of a silkworm or swollen till it fills the space of heaven and earth. It desires to mount, and it rises until it affronts the clouds; to sink, and it descends until hidden below the fountains of the deep." And so from a symbol of spiritual power from whom no secrets are hidden this dragon becomes a symbol of the human soul in its divine adventure, "climbing aloft on spiral gusts of wind, passing over hills and streams, treading in the air and soaring higher than the Kwan-lun Mountains, bursting open the Gate of Heaven, and entering the Palace of God."

CAPTAIN L. CRANMER-BYNG.
From The Poetry Review, London.

A CHINESE ANTIQUE

"That pear-tree, woodman, spare,
Break not a single bough;
Shao's chief once rested there,
Leave it uninjured now."

From the "Shi-King" (The Book of the Odes), a collection of ancient Chinese poems, compiled, according to tradition, by Confucius.